



## AND WESTERN OLIVE BRANCH.

THOMAS GREGG, EDITOR.

'KNOWLEDGE IS POWER—IS WEALTH—IS HONOR.'

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### AMERICAN POETRY.

#### STANZAS.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

The world is bright before thee,  
Its summer flowers are thine,  
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,  
Thy bosom Pleasure's shrine;  
And thine the sunbeam given  
To Nature's morning hour,  
Pure, warm, as when from heaven  
It bursts on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow,  
The death-dirge of the gay,  
That tells, ere dawn of morrow,  
These charms may melt away,  
That sun's bright beam be shaded,  
That sky be blue no more,  
The summer flowers be faded,  
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not—though lonely  
Thy evening home may be;  
Though Beauty's bark can only  
Float on a summer sea;  
Though Time thy bloom is stealing,  
There's still beyond his art  
The wild-flower wreath of feeling,  
The sunbeam of the heart.

### SELECTED TALE.

#### THE LONE INDIAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF HOBOMOK.

"A white man gazing on the scene,  
Would say a lovely spot was here,  
And praise the laws so fresh and green,  
Between the hills so sheer,  
I like it not—I would the plain  
Lay in its tall old groves again."—Bryant.

Powontonomo was the son of a mighty chief. He looked on his tribe with such a fiery glance, that they called him the Eagle of the Mohawks. His eye never blinked in the sunbeam; and he leaped along the chase like the untiring waves of Niagara. Even when a little boy, his tiny arrow would hit the frisking squirrel in the ear, and bring down the humming bird on her rapid wing. He was his father's pride and joy. He loved to toss him high in his snowy arms, and shout, "Look, Eagle-eye, look, and see the big hunting grounds of the Mohawks! Powontonomo will be their chief. The winds will tell his brave deeds. When men speak of him, they

will not speak loud; but as if the Great Spirit had breathed in thunder."

The prophecy was fulfilled. When Powontonomo became a man, the fame of his beauty and courage reached the tribes of Illinois; and even the distant Osage showed his white teeth with delight, when he heard the wild deeds of the Mohawk Eagle. Yet was his spirit frank, chivalrous, and kind. When the white men came to buy land, he met them with an open palm, and spread his buffalo for the traveller. The old chiefs loved the bold youth, and offered their daughters in marriage. The eyes of the young Indian girls sparkled when he looked on them. But he treated them all with the stern indifference of a warrior, until he saw Soonseetah raise her long, dark eyelash. Then his heart melted beneath the gleaming glance of beauty. Soonseetah was the fairest of the Oneidas. The young men of her tribe called her the Sunny-eye. She was smaller than her nation usually are; and her slight, graceful figure, was so elastic in its motions, that the tall grass would rise up and shake off its dew drops after her pretty moccasins had pressed it. Many a famous chief had sought her love; but when they brought the choicest furs, she would smile disdainfully, and say, "Soonseetah's foot is warm. Has not her father an arrow?" When they offered her food, according to the Indian custom, her answer was, "Soonseetah has not seen all the warriors. She will eat with the bravest." The hunters told the young Eagle, that Sunny-eye of Oneida was beautiful as the bright birds in the hunting land beyond the sky; but that her heart was proud, and she said the great chiefs were not good enough to dress venison for her. When Powontonomo listened to these accounts, his lip would curl slightly, as he threw back his fur-edged mantle, and placed his firm, springy foot forward, so that the beads and shells of his rich moccasins might be seen to vibrate at every sound of his tremendous war song. If there was vanity in the act, there was likewise becoming pride. Soonseetah heard of his haughty smile, and resolved in her own heart that no Oneida should sit beside her till she had seen the chieftain of the Mohawks. Before many moons had passed away, he sought her father's wigwam, to carry delicate furs and shining

shells to the young coquette of the wilderness. She did not raise her bright, melting eye to his, when he came near; but when he said, "Will the Sunny-eye look on the gifts of a Mohawk? his barbed arrow is swift; his foot never turned from the foe;" the color on her brown cheek was glowing as an autumnal twilight. Her voice was like the troubled note of the wren, as she answered, "The furs of Powontonomo are soft and warm to the foot of Soonseetah. She will weave the shells in the wampum belt of the Mohawk Eagle." The exulting lover sat by her side, and offered her venison and parched corn. She raised her timid eye, as she tasted the food, and then the young Eagle knew that Sunny-eye would be his wife.

There was feasting and dancing, and the marriage song rang merrily in Mohawk cabins, when the Oneida came among them. Powontonomo loved her as his own heart's blood. He delighted to bring her the fattest deers of the forest, and load her with the ribbons and beads of the English. The prophets of his people liked it not that the strangers grew so numerous in the land. They shook their heads mournfully, and said, "The moose and the beaver will not live within sound of the white man's gun. They will go beyond the lakes, and the Indians must follow their trail." But the young chief laughed them to scorn. He said, "The land is very big. The mountain eagle could not fly over it in many days. Surely the wigwams of the English will never cover it." Yet when he held his son in his arms, as his father had done before him, he sighed to hear the strokes of the axe levelling the old trees of his woods. Sometimes he looked sorrowfully on his baby boy, and thought he had perchance done him much wrong, when he smoked a pipe in the wigwam of the stranger.

One day he left his home before the gray mist of morning had gone from the hills, to seek food for his wife and child. The polar star was bright in the heavens ere he returned; yet his hands were empty. The white man's gun had scared the beasts of the forest, and the arrow of the Indian was sharpened in vain. Powontonomo entered his wigwam with a cloudy brow. He did not look at Soonseetah; he did not speak to her boy; but silent and

sullen, he sat leaning on the head of his arrow. He wept not, for an Indian may not weep; but the muscles of his face betrayed the struggle within his soul. The Sunny-eye approached fearfully, and laid her little hand upon his brawny shoulder, as she asked, "Why is the Eagle's eye on the earth? What has Soonssetah done, that her child dare not look in the face of his father?" Slowly the warrior turned his gaze upon her. The expression of sadness deepened, as he answered, "The Eagle has taken a snake to his nest; how can his young sleep in it?" The Indian boy, all unconscious of the forebodings which stirred his father's spirit, moved to his side, and peeped up in his face with a mingled expression of love and fear.

The heart of the generous savage was full, even to bursting. His hand trembled, as he placed it on the sleek, black hair of his only son. "The Great Spirit bless thee; the Great Spirit bless thee, and give thee back the hunting ground of the Mohawk!" he exclaimed. Then folding him, for an instant, in an almost crushing embrace, he gave him to his mother, and darted from the wigwam.

Two hours he remained in the open air; but the clear breath of heaven brought no relief to his noble and suffering soul. Wherever he looked abroad, the ravages of the civilized destroyer met his eye. Where were the trees, under which he had frolicked in infancy, sported in boyhood, and rested after the fatigues of battle? They formed the English boat, or lined the English dwelling. Where were the holy sacrifice-heaps of his people? The stones were taken to fence in the land, which the intruder dared call his own. Where was his father's grave? The stranger's road passed over it, and his cattle trampled on the ground where the mighty Mohawk slumbered. Where were his once powerful tribe? Alas! in the white man's wars they had joined with the British, in the vain hope of recovering their lost privileges. Hundreds had gone to their last home; others had joined distant tribes; and some pitiful wretches, whom he scorned to call brothers, consented to live on the white man's bounty. These were corroding reflections; and well might fierce thoughts of vengeance pass through the mind of the deserted prince; but he was powerless now; and the English swarmed, like vultures around the dying. "It is the work of the Great Spirit," said he. "The Englishman's God made the Indian's heart afraid; and now he is like a wounded buffalo, when hungry wolves are on his trail."

When Powontonomo returned to his hut, his countenance, though severe, was composed. He spoke to the Sunny-eye with more kindness than the savage generally addresses the wife of his youth; but his look told her that she must not ask the grief which had put a woman's heart within the breast of the far-famed Mohawk Eagle.

The next day, when the young chieftain went out on a hunting expedition, he was accosted by a rough, square-built farmer. "Powow," said he, "your squaw has been stripping a dozen of my trees, and I don't

like it over much." It was a moment when the Indian could ill brook a white man's insolence. "Listen, Buffalo-head!" shouted he; and as he spoke he seized the shaggy pate of the unconscious offender, and eyed him with the concentrated venom of an ambushed rattlesnake. "Listen to the chief of the Mohawks! These broad lands are all his own. When the white man first left his cursed footprint in the forest, the Great Bear looked down upon the big tribes of Iroquois and Abenakis. The wigwams of the noble Delawares were thick, where the soft winds dwell. The rising sun glanced on the fierce Pequods; and the Illinois, the Miamies, and warlike tribes like the hairs of your head, marked his going down. Had the red man struck ye then, your tribes would have been as dry grass to the lightning! Go—shall the Sunny-eye of Oneida ask the pale face for a basket?" He breathed out a quick, convulsive laugh, and his white teeth showed through his parted lips, as he shook the farmer from him, with the strength and fury of a raging panther.

After that his path was unmolested, for no one dared to awaken his wrath; but a smile never again visited the dark countenance of the degraded chief. The wild beasts had fled so far from the settlements, that he would hunt days and days without success. Soonssetah sometimes begged him to join the remnant of the Oneidas, and persuade them to go far off, toward the setting sun. Powontonomo replied, "This is the burial place of my fathers;" and the Sunny-eye dared say no more.

At last their boy sickened and died, of a fever he had taken among the English. They buried him beneath a spreading oak, on the banks of the Mohawk, and heaped stones upon his grave, without a tear. "He must lie near the water," said the desolate chief, "else the white man's horses will tread on him."

The young mother did not weep; but her heart had received its death wound. The fever seized her, and she grew paler and weaker every day. One morning Powontonomo returned with some delicate food he had been seeking for her. "Will Soorseetah eat?" said he. He spoke in a tone of subdued tenderness; but she answered not. The foot which was wont to bound forward to meet him lay motionless and cold. He raised the blanket which partly concealed her face, and saw that the Sunny-eye was closed in death. One hand was pressed hard against her heart, as if her last moments had been painful. The other grasped the beads which the young Eagle had given her in the happy days of courtship. One heart rending shriek was wrung from the bosom of the agonized savage. He tossed his arms wildly above his head, and threw himself beside the body of her he had loved as fondly, deeply, and passionately, as ever a white man loved. After the first burst of grief had subsided, he carefully untied the necklace from her full, beautiful bosom, crossed her hands over the sacred relic, and put back the shining black hair from her smooth forehead. For hours he watched the corpse in silence. Then he arose and carried it from the wigwam. He dug a grave by the side of

his lost boy; laid the head of Soonssetah toward the rising sun; heaped the earth upon it, and covered it with stones, according to the custom of his people.

Night was closing in, and still the bereaved Mohawk stood at the grave of Sunny-eye, as motionless as its cold inmate. A white man as he passed, paused, and looked in pity on him. "Are you sick?" asked he. "Yes; me sick. Me very sick here," answered Powontonomo, laying his hand upon his swelling heart. "Will you go home?" "Home!" exclaimed the heart broken chief, in tones so thrilling, that the white man started. Then slowly, and with a half vacant look, he added, "Yes, me go home. By and by me go home." Not another word would he speak; and the white man left him, and went his way. A little while longer he stood watching the changing heavens; and then, with reluctant step, retired to his solitary wigwam.

The next day, a tree which Soonssetah had often said was just as old as their boy, was placed near the mother and child. A wild vine was straggling among the loose stones, and Powontonomo carefully twined it around the tree. "The young oak is the Eagle of the Mohawks," he said; "and now the Sunny-eye has her arms round him." He spoke in the wild music of his native tongue, but there was none to answer. "Yes; Powontonomo will go home," sighed he. "He will go where the sun sets in the ocean, and the white man's eyes have never looked upon it." One long, one lingering glance at the graves of his kindred, and the Eagle of the Mohawks bade farewell to the land of his fathers.

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For many a returning autumn, a lone Indian was seen standing at the consecrated spot we have mentioned; but just thirty years after the death of Soonssetah, he was noticed for the last time. His step was then firm, and his figure erect, though he seemed old and way-worn. Age had not dimmed the fire of his eye, but an expression of deep melancholy had settled on his wrinkled brow. It was Powontonomo—he who had once been the Eagle of the Mohawks! He came to lie down and die beneath the broad oak, which shadowed the grave of Sunny-eye. Alas, the white man's axe had been there! The tree he had planted was dead; and the vine, which had leaped so vigorously from branch to branch, now, yellow and withering, was falling to the ground. A deep groan burst from the soul of the savage. For thirty wearisome years, he had watched that oak, with its twining tendrils. They were the only things left in the wide world for him to love, and they were gone! He looked abroad. The hunting land of his tribe was changed like its chieftain. No light canoe now shot down the river, like a bird upon the wing. The laden boat of the white man alone broke its surface. The Englishman's road wound, like a serpent, around the banks of the Mohawk; and iron hoofs had so beaten down the war path, that a hawk's eye could not discover an Indian track. The last wigwam was destroyed; and the sun looked boldly down upon spots he had visited only



by stealth during thousands and thousands of moons. The few remaining trees, clothed in the fantastic mourning of autumn; the long line of heavy clouds, melting away before the coming sun; and the distant mountain seen through the blue mist of departing twilight, alone remained as he had seen them in his boyhood. All things spoke a sad language to the heart of the desolate Indian. "Yes," said he, "the young oak and the vine are like the Eagle and the Sunny-eye. They are cut down, torn, and trampled on. The leaves are falling, and the clouds are scattering, like my people. I wish I could once more see the trees standing thick, as they did when my mother held me to her bosom, and sung the warlike deeds of the Mohawks."

A mingled expression of grief and anger passed over his face, as he watched a loaded boat in its passage across the stream. "The white man carries food to his wife and children, and he finds them in his home," said he. "Where is the squaw and the papoose of the red man? They are here!" As he spoke, he fixed his eye thoughtfully upon the grave. After a gloomy silence, he again looked round upon the fair scene, with a wandering and troubled gaze. "The pale face may like it," murmured he; "but an Indian cannot die here in peace." So saying, he broke his bow string, snapped his arrows, threw them on the burial place of his fathers, and departed for ever.

None ever knew where Powontonomo laid his dying head. The hunters from the west said, a red man had been among them, whose tracks were far off toward the rising sun; that he seemed like one who had lost his way, and was sick to go home to the Great Spirit. Perchance, he slept his last sleep where the distant Mississippi receives its hundred streams. Alone and unfriended, he may have laid him down to die, where no man called him brother; and the wolves of the desert long ere this, may have howled the death song of the Mohawk Eagle.—*Garland for 1834.*

#### MISCELLANY.

From the Female Advocate.

##### WHY WEEPEST THOU?

And why dost thou weep, stranger? Hath the plunderer despoiled thee of thy wealth? And dost thou give thy years to the cruel?

Plunderers have indeed robbed me: I labor for the heartless; and eat my bread in pain. But it is not therefore that I weep. I have wealth that thieves cannot steal; and my toil will soon come to an end. I mourn not for wealth, and repine not at the travail of sore bondage.

Then, stranger, why dost thou weep? Hast thou followed thy friends to the grave? Doth the tomb hide the forms of thy loved ones?

My loved ones are indeed in the land of darkness. The grave hath closed upon them and I see them not. But I weep not for these.—"I am the resurrection and the life," saith my lord. "He that believeth

in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." "They shall rise in the resurrection at the last day." "All the days of mine appointed time will I wait till my change come." I weep not for the dead—and refuse not the lot of the living.

Why, then, stranger, dost thou weep? Hath the voice of distraction assailed thee? Dost thou know the piercing stings of false friendship? Is thy heart wrung with the reproaches of the unjust, and the taunts of the ungrateful?

I have, indeed been 'the song of the drunkard.' He that sat at my table hath lifted up his heel against me. And he that called me brother, hath laid snares for my feet. But neither yet for these things do I weep. My master bids me rejoice, when my name is cast out as evil. I have a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—He will make my feet to tread in the high places of the rocks, and prepare me a mansion, with my brethren, where treachery and distrust can never enter.—My Redeemer was wounded in the house of his friends! It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master. I weep not for this.

And yet stranger, thy tears are still flowing. Thy cheeks are furrowed with channels, and they are never dry. Tell me, at length, I pray thee, why is it that thou dost weep? If thy wealth be in heaven, if thy loved ones have gone thither to await thee, if thou canst rejoice in tribulation, and murmurest not to tread in the footsteps of thy Master, than tell me, I conjure thee, for what cause dost thou weep!

Bend, hither thy footsteps, inquirer! Seest thou that wide spreading valley? Give thine eyes to this lengthened tube. Let it assist thy vision, and consider it attentively. Nay shrink not from the knowledge of its secrets. Tell me—what dost thou see?

I see, said the enquirer, a dark rolling torrent, that winds its way through the midst of that valley. It is a torrent of fire, mingled with blood. It is swollen with the tears of the widow. Its murmurs are blended with the sighs of the orphan. Generations are swept away by its current. It burns up the green pastures where it flows. Its touch is pollution; and its taste is death. Yet thoughtless youths, like gilded butterflies are fluttering around its brink. Fashion is tempting them to sip, and Mammon, at every corner, is turning into gold, the waters of that deadly stream. And what is it more that I see? pollution in the portals of the sanctuary? Nay, stranger! it cannot be! Take back thy magic telescope! stranger! For surely hath it mocked thy vision, and shown me for reality, the dreamy vision of fiction.

Nay, trust me, inquirer, the vision is true. Pollution is indeed in the sanctuary, and its portals are stained with blood. A Father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widow, is God, in his holy habitation. But I have seen violence and strife in the city. From the vulture the prey escapeth not. Justice is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter. The people have erred through wine and through strong drink are out of the way.

Therefore do I weep; and "Oh! that my head were as waters, and that mine eyes were as a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people."

#### MOURNING APPAREL.

We are aware that the subject of wearing mourning apparel is one that must be delicately handled. It is a custom which has been so long practised, that it is engrafted into our very ideas of sorrow for the dead. To loose a friend, and not clothe our bodies in the habiliments of woe, would subject us to the animadversions of neighborhood gossips, and seem to many, to imply a destitution of affection. It is a custom, which has been sanctioned by the people of all classes. But does this sanction make it right? If it is wrong in itself, custom cannot change its character. It has been handed down through one generation and another, to the present time, with no better authority for its practice, than that our ancestors did the same. Although not accompanied by the phrensied actions, and frantic wailings, which characterised its practice in the dark ages, yet it is in reality, a relic of barbarism. It is worn for the ostensible purpose of cherishing with a deeper and more lasting interest, the memory of the dead. Does it accomplish the object intended? Are our feelings to take their character from the colour of our dress? Will our affections linger with a livelier pleasure around the memory of the departed when our bodies are enveloped in crape? Instead of producing the effect desired we can reasonably suppose that it may have a directly contrary tendency. It is evident, that when the mind is entirely engrossed in one subject, it cannot be occupied with another. And just so far as the mind of the mourner is engrossed with the subject of dress, to such a degree will be taken from the object of its grief. Observation has shown us what is the fact. As soon as death has secured its victim, the relatives of the deceased, are called from the pure flow of natural feeling, to the decoration of their bodies with its symbols. The laws of custom have compelled them to abstract their minds from subjects most consonant with their feelings, and to convert that house, from which the Angel of death has just taken his flight, into a manufactory of millinery.

It is reasonable to suppose, that a rational being, will mourn the deepest for that object which is the most worthy of the exercise of feeling. And if we exhibit any outward tokens of sorrow, it will be the most expressive for that object, for which we have the deepest feeling. And if there is an object over which we ought to mourn more intensely than the loss of friends, then, in that case, the symbols of our grief ought to be more expressive. Whether or not, anything can be imagined that would seem to require of the human race more heart felt sorrow than this; judge ye.—*Elyria, O. Lit. Register.*

*Jury.*—Twelve men; seven of whom must be of one opinion, and five of none.

## ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

## CALORIC.

EXTRACT FROM A PAPER READ BEFORE THE ST. CLAIRSVILLE YOUNG MEN'S LYCEUM, ON THE 30TH. NOV., 1833.  
BY A MEMBER.

[In offering the following paper, the author did not pretend to advance any new theory, or any opinions different from those generally received; his object having been merely to embody in a small compass, and submit to the society, the knowledge he had obtained of the subject.]

\* \* \* Heat and cold are perceptions of which we acquire the ideas from the senses. They indicate only a certain state, in which we find ourselves, independent of any exterior object. But these sensations, being produced by bodies around us, we consider them as causes, and generally apply the terms *hot* and *cold*, to the substances themselves; calling those bodies hot which produce in us the sensation of heat, and those cold which produce the contrary sensation.

The term heat, in common language, has two meanings; in the one case, it implies the sensation experienced on touching a hot body; in the other, it expresses the cause of that sensation. However, to avoid ambiguity that may arise from the use of the same expression, in two senses so different, the term caloric has been employed to signify exclusively the principle or cause of the sensation of heat.

It is now the opinion of chemists generally, that caloric, or the calorific repulsion, as the existence of repulsion and attraction, between the particles of matter is very evident, is material—that it consists of a fluid of which the particles are self-repellent, while they attract other matter—that by the union of this fluid with other matter, it imparts a repulsive property which counteracts cohesion, so as to cause, successively, expansion, fusion, and the aeriform state. It exists in all bodies, in a latent or insensible state, and cannot be wholly separated from them. A rod of iron, by hammering it with great rapidity, may be made so hot as to ignite a sulphur match. The caloric, in this case, is evolved, in consequence of the approximation of the particles of the metal in hammering. The phenomenon, which takes place in the explosion of fulminating powder, is the same. It may be transferred from one body to another. All bodies have a tendency to acquire an equilibrium of temperature. If, for instance, I place a number of substances of different temperatures, in contact with each other, they will soon acquire an equilibrium, so that a thermometer will stand at the same point in

all of them. If I touch a hot body, caloric passes from it into the hand, and excites the feeling of warmth; when I touch a cold body, caloric is communicated to it from the hand, and thus arises the sensation of cold.

The equilibrium of temperature in different bodies seems to be established in the following manner—viz: by communication; by the conducting process; by radiation; by reflection; and by circulation. If I take a bar of iron, heated to redness, and place it in contact with a cold body, the caloric passes rapidly from the hot, to those particles of the cold body, which are in contact with it. The particles that first receive the caloric, transfer it to those which are next to them, and so on, until by the bar of iron imparting its caloric, and the cold body receiving it, both acquire the same temperature. In its passage from the hot body to the cold, it is called communication; its diffusion through the body receiving it, is by the conducting process.

This property, the conducting power, is possessed in a very high degree by some substances, particularly the metals; although no two of them possess it in an equal degree. Silver and copper are the best conductors, and platina and lead the worst. The inferior conducting power of glass, wood, charcoal, &c., has given rise to the terms conductors and non-conductors. This property is very strikingly exemplified in the following manner: Take four rods, severally, of iron, wood, glass, and whale bone—let one end of each be cemented into a ball of sealing wax—then, by exposing the other end to the flame of a blow pipe, the iron will quickly become heated throughout, so as to melt the wax, and fall down. The others being non-conductors of heat, will be consumed by the fire until it nearly reaches the wax without melting it. If I stick the point of a pin into the candle flame, the other end will soon become too hot to be held by the fingers; whereas, if it be wood, it will burn until the fire nearly reaches the fingers before I feel the sensation of heat. If I place my hand in any situation near a hot body, a distinct sensation of heat is felt almost instantly. The caloric, in this case, is not transmitted by the conducting process, through the medium of the atmosphere, because aeriform fluids possess this property in a very inferior degree. The air, in the immediate vicinity of the hot body, becomes specifically lighter, and consequently ascends. The equilibrium is destroyed, and the cold air rushes in from every point to supply the vacancy, caused by the displacement of the heated air. There is, therefore, a current of cold air, moving from every point towards the heated body

as a centre. It cannot be by a heated current, since all the particles have a tendency to rise. The sensation of heat, in this case, is conveyed to the hand by radiation; and the fluid, thus transmitted, is called radiant, or radiated caloric. The hot body, however, is cooled, or reduced to an equilibrium of temperature, with surrounding bodies, in three ways—First, by radiation—Second, by the mobility of the air—and third, by the conducting process of the particles of air, although the influence of the latter is so trifling as to be scarcely appreciable. Heat, therefore, is emitted from the surface of hot bodies, in every direction, by radiation, independent of the air.

The calorific rays, in falling upon the surface of a solid or liquid body, are either reflected, or, losing their radiant form, are absorbed. In the latter, the temperature of the body is increased, in the former, it is unchanged.

The reflection of caloric may be exemplified in various ways. I shall, however, content myself with mentioning a very satisfactory experiment, which I have seen performed by the Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania. He placed two concave mirrors at the distance of some twenty or twenty-five feet apart. He arranged them so that a line drawn through their centres would pass through the focal point of each. In the focus of one mirror he placed a piece of cotton, which had been previously imbued with phosphorus; in the focus of the other, he placed an iron ball, at the temperature of a white heat. The calorific rays, emitted from the ball, and falling upon the mirror in whose focus it was placed, were reflected in parallel lines, so as to fall upon the mirror placed at a distance, and being again reflected so as to converge to the point where the cotton was placed, ignition ensued almost immediately.

When heat is applied to the bottom of a vessel containing cold water, those particles of the fluid, in contact with the bottom, combining with the caloric, expand, become specifically lighter than the others, and consequently rise to the surface. The particles of the water are thus put in agitation; the colder descending on the outside, while those which have acquired heat, ascend in the centre of the vessel. The water becomes heated in this way, not by the conducting process, but by circulation, until it arrives at the boiling point, 212 deg. F. The circulation then becomes somewhat checked; the water cannot be made to receive a higher temperature, in consequence of a rapid escape of caloric in steam. That fluids are non-conductors, can be very easily demonstrated by filling a glass jar nearly full of water, and placing, on the surface, a small



quantity of alcohol, and setting fire to it. The alcohol will continue to burn for some time without producing any sensible change in the temperature of the water beyond the surface.

The phenomena arising from the agency of caloric are very numerous. It is the cause of the sensations we experience, of cold, of warmth, and of burning, according to its intensity. It exercises great influence over the human system, and, without a certain degree of it, the vital actions must necessarily cease. Its influence over the vegetable creation is evident to every one. Co-operating with air and moisture, it causes the seed to burst its envelope,—it takes root, grows up, and becomes a plant. On the approach of winter, when the chilling blast sweeps over the earth, vegetation ceases, and the plant remains torpid, until again brought forth in the spring by the stimulus of caloric.

Its effects upon bodies are very remarkable. It insinuates itself between the particles of all solid substances, and forces them apart. It causes them to expand, and by its increase, solids are converted into liquids, and liquids into vapor. By its decrease, the reverse takes place. Vapor is condensed into liquids, and liquids are converted into solids. Without it, every thing in creation would become solid and immoveable.

The power of expansion is one of the most remarkable properties of caloric. When this fluid insinuates itself between the particles of matter, as I have before observed, its first effect is to force them apart. The body is, therefore, made to occupy a larger space, or, in other words, it expands. This property, counteracts cohesion. The expansion, however, occasioned by an accumulation of caloric, is transient; since, we perceive that when it passes out of a body, the attraction of cohesion, between the particles being left to act freely, a contraction necessarily follows. It follows, moreover, from this view, that the expansion is greater in those substances in which the attraction of cohesion is less powerful. Thus, the power of cohesion is greater in solids, less in liquids, and least of all in aeriform substances; while the expansion of solids is trifling; that of liquids more considerable; and that of elastic fluids far greater still.

It is now laid down as a rule, that all bodies are expanded by heat, but there is one apparent exception to this law, with regard to solids. Clay is an exception. This is owing to its peculiar property for absorbing moisture. Its bulk is diminished when heat is applied to it, on account of its losing moisture. But in this case, the particles of clay, while they approximate more closely to each other, in consequence

of an escape of moisture, undoubtedly expand; but the expansion is not equal to the bulk of moisture, and hence, a diminution in the bulk of the clay.—There is likewise an exception to the law that all bodies, in giving out their caloric, contract. Water contracts until it falls to a temperature of 39 deg. F. Below that it expands. The fact of ice floating on the surface, evidently shows its increase of bulk, from its becoming specifically lighter than water in a fluid state. This is attributed to a change of form in the particles, at the moment of congelation, by which they are prevented from uniting so closely, as when in the fluid state. This seems to be a wise and special provision of the Creator; for, were it otherwise, the particles on freezing would sink to the bottom, the process of congelation, in protracted cold winters, would continue until our rivers, lakes, &c., would become a solid mass. All the aquatic animals would be destroyed; our water courses would become innavigable, and the ice in melting, would abstract the caloric from the surrounding atmosphere, and would, in all probability, render our summers too cold for vegetation.

#### THE LIGHT OF ELLEN'S EYE.

I know not why—I know not why,  
I never can forget  
The witching glance of Ellen's eye,  
Which haunts my spirit yet.  
'Tis not that hope again has spread  
Its glittering charms for me,—  
For well I know the light it shed,  
Was all a mockery.

I know not why the madd'ning thrill  
Of passion should remain,  
To tantalize my spirit still,  
With Love's corroding chain.  
Yet so it is, and still must be;—  
The light of Ellen's eye,  
Lives on the page of memory,  
And yet I know not why.

It lingers still in every thought,  
At midnight, morn, or noon;  
December's snow beholds it there,  
And there the rose of June.  
And often as the setting sun  
Rolls down the western sky,  
I think of her, the cherished one?  
And yet I know not why.

The autumn sun, the tinselled sky,  
And flowery robe of spring,  
Still from the depths of memory,  
Her cherished image bring.  
When summer sunbeams gild the day,  
Or winter rules the sky,  
I think of her that's far away,  
And yet I know not why.

And though 'tis painful thus to live,  
Yet would I not forego  
That thought, though vain and fugitive  
For pleasure's wildest glow.  
Though buried 'neath oblivion's pall,  
Life's fondest visions lie,  
Yet still shall mem'ry oft recall  
The light of Ellen's eye.  
Mt. Pleasant, Nov. 1833.

#### THE CULTURE OF DOMESTIC AFFECTION.

[The following paragraphs, are an extract from the National Gazette, and comments thereon from the pen of the editor of the United States Gazette, followed by some remarks by one of our correspondents.]—ED.

Such persons as cannot usefully employ themselves within doors during very inclement spells, are indeed to be pitied; such as can cheerfully work at home, or find gratification in books for any length of time, or improve a particularly favorable time for moral reflection and the culture of the domestic affections, may make the worst weather an occasion of the richest harvest and the purest pleasure.

There is much excellent philosophy in the above quotation, and deep would be the obligation under which society would rest to editors, if they would use their influence to promote "the culture of domestic affections." It has appeared to us, that of all the shipwrecks of fame, fortune and social and domestic happiness, nine out of ten are referrible to the neglect of the principles of affections. Those means of pleasure and profit are open to all, but which, like all earthly and heavenly growth, are mainly dependent upon culture. Where true affection—(we are not meddling with the novelist's passion of love)—where true affection has been brought into operation in a family, the vicissitudes of fortune are of little account. Sympathy for distress will of course be expected, but distress itself will be trivial. The power of affection once attained, is never lost; and its value is enhanced by the extent of its operation. The delights of the domestic circle are of course the dearest and most to be coveted; but the effect of their operation is to be marked beyond the "hearth"—the intercourse of society is touched with its influence, and the circle of benefits is widely extended. If the culture could be made general, we might look for this immediate and important influence upon society, an object greatly to be desired, but at home the growth may be certain. The wish will produce the means and perseverance will ensure perfection to "the culture of domestic affection."  
[U. S. Gazette.]

We do think that this philosophy should be better understood in theory, and more uniformly practised, than it is. Why should there be so many brutal and hard-hearted be-

ings as there are in the world, embittering where they do not extinguish, the sweet sympathies of social life? Not certainly because human sympathy is not a principle of their nature, but because they have brought their sensibilities to a bad school. Habits and practises repugnant to sense, such as chewing tobacco, and drinking whiskey, are acquired, and acquired only, by subduing nature with perseverance. This is a rude parallel; but social vices follow the same law. Why should a child even do otherwise than reverence its father and mother, obey with cheerfulness its instructor, and, in mature years treat with tenderness the object of its love, but from a perverse cultivation of the domestic affections, which is not attained without sorrow and bitterness of spirit. c.

#### BRIEF HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

##### THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

The most splendid achievement performed by Ferdinand and Isabella, King and Queen of Spain, was the conquest of the Moorish Kingdom of Granada, which had existed in Spain, from the time of the eruption of the Saracens into Europe in the eighth century—a period of more than seven hundred years. This was only performed after a bloody and protracted war of ten year's duration: during which the fertile plains of the Moorish kingdom were often deluged in blood, and its magnificent palaces and fortresses destroyed.

The splendid palace of the Alhambra, the abode of the Moorish princes for centuries, whose huge towers overlooked the royal city of Granada, has been celebrated in the page of romance, by our distinguished countryman Washington Irving. The great city of which it was the pride, the strength, and the ornament, was situated in one of the most fertile regions of Spain, the luxuriant plain of Vega. Around it the citron, the orange, and the pomegranate, spread their rich foliage and golden fruits; and the olive, vine, and fig-tree, offered their peaceful shades. These, together with its mild climate and sunny skies, rendered the plain of Vega a terrestrial paradise.

This beautiful garden of Europe was inhabited by a warlike, generous, and even polished people. They considered their country as the Paradise of earth, bestowed upon them as the most favored race, by the Allah whom they worshiped. "Their patriotism," to use the beautiful language of Mrs. Jameson, in her life of Queen Isabella, "had in it something romantic and tender, like the

passion of a lover for his mistress: they clung to this beautiful country with a yearning affection; they poured their blood like water in its defence; they celebrated its charms, and lamented its desolation, in those sweet and mournful Ballads which are still extant, and which can yet draw tears from their Christian conquerors."

But this was the age of chivalry: an age in which Christianity was extended and defended by the bayonet and the sword. The banner of the Cross, as well as the Crescent, waved over fields of slaughter, and towers, and battlements of war. It was enough that the fertile country was inhabited by Mussulmen—that the Mosques for the worship of the Prophet reared their stately domes over the plain—that the banner of the Crescent floated from the towers of the Alhambra;—the spirit of the times demanded that that banner should be furlled—that the Mosques should be converted into Monasteries, and the chant of the Christian *Te Deum* should resound where the *el Allah* of the Mahometan only before was heard.

The conquest of Granada, and the entire overthrow of the Moorish power in Spain, took place in the year 1491; the time that Columbus was making preparations to sail in quest of the new Hemisphere. By reason of the active duties which devolved upon the Queen, during this remarkable contest, she was prevented from paying that attention to the project of Columbus, which she could have wished, and its importance demanded. At length, however, the royal consent was obtained, and Columbus, joyous at the prospect of fame and glory which awaited him, and which the subsequent events conferred upon his name, hastened his preparation for the voyage, and the month of August, 1492, in which he set sail from Paros, became one of the most glorious epoch in the annals of the world. g.

#### CHOICE EXTRACTS.

From the Cincinnati Mirror.

#### LITERARY INSTITUTIONS OF CINCINNATI.

Cincinnatians are generally entered on the memoranda of travellers, who tarry but a few days in the city, as an industrious and business community, with but little pretension to scientific knowledge or literary taste, and having less claims to either. For the information of those whose knowledge of our city has been gathered from such sources, and to show, not so much what its population is, in point of intellectual greatness, as what it is destined to become, we have collected and now publish the literary statistics which fol-

low. It is true, we are a community of workmen; but the bow of labor is not always bent, and literature has her worshippers amongst us, and the arts and sciences have their devotees.

**COLLEGE OF PROFESSIONAL TEACHERS.**—This institution was formed at the convention of teachers held at Cincinnati, in October, 1832. Its objects are to unite the teachers throughout the western country in the cause in which they are engaged, and to elevate the character of professional teachers. Their meetings are held annually in this city, on the second Monday in October. At their recent assemblage, a respectable number were present, considering how new the institution is, and how slightly its objects are understood. Considerable discussion took place on the subject of education, and lectures were delivered to the association, and to the large audiences which were continually present, by such men as President Beecher, and Dr. Drake. The teachers present were in fine spirits, and entertained a proper opinion of the importance of their profession. There is no doubt that much and lasting good may be effected by associations of this character.

**LAW SCHOOL.**—This school is advertised to be opened in the present month, under the management of John C. Wright, judge of the Supreme court of Ohio, John M. Goodenow, present judge 9th circuit c. p., and Edward King and Timothy Walker, attorneys at law. A number of students have been for some time under the private tuition of the several professors.

**MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.**—This institution, designed for the diffusion of scientific knowledge among the mechanics and citizens, by means of popular lectures and mutual instruction has been in existence three or four years. There are a number of classes in constant attendance at the institute containing in the whole about one hundred individuals. These are chiefly young men, spurred on by a laudable thirst for knowledge, whose avocations prevent them from pursuing their studies at other time than night. The number is steadily increasing; and as the institute has an extensive philosophical apparatus, a library of nine hundred volumes, and a respectable reading room, which is a place of general resort for young men in the evenings, it may be set down as an institution of very great public utility.

**CINCINNATI LYCEUM.**—The lyceum was formed for the purposes of useful instruction and fashionable entertainment, by means of popular lectures and debates. Its operations are entirely suspended during the summer months. Its meetings have been generally well attended. It is supported by an annual subscription for membership, which subscription procures likewise free access to a very good library, and a reading room. Its lectures are pleasing rather than solid.

**ACADEMIC INSTITUTE.**—This association is composed of the teachers of Cincinnati. It was formed to aid in promoting the cause of education, and elevating the profession of teaching. The meetings of the Academic



Institute are held monthly, for the purpose of discussing the various systems of education, and the different methods of instruction in the sciences. It has a very small library, and receives several scientific periodicals.

**THE ATHENEUM.**—This institution is under the patronage of the Roman Catholic Church of Cincinnati. In it are competent professors of the classics, who speak fluently the French, Italian, Spanish, and German languages. There are also professors in the several departments of mathematics, natural and moral philosophy, and chemistry. Their course of study is extensive. The number of students at present is seventy. The college edifice is a splendid and permanent building, of great capacity.

**WOODWARD HIGH SCHOOL.**—The fund of the Woodward High School yields an annual income of two thousand dollars. The building is sixty feet front, by forty feet deep; and the lot on which it stands contains more than an acre. The management of the institution is committed to five trustees, two of whom were appointed by the founder, (the late William Woodward of this city,) with power to appoint their successors, and three by the city council. The school is at present conducted by four professors, (including the president;) and has one hundred and twenty pupils, of whom sixty are educated on the funds of the institution.

**PRIVATE SCHOOLS.**—For males, 9 schools, 14 teachers, and 510 pupils. For females, 9 schools, 15 teachers, and 500 pupils. For infants, 6 schools, 9 teachers, and 220 pupils. Total, 1230 pupils.

**PUBLIC SCHOOLS.**—For males and females 20 schools, 31 teachers, and 2,000 pupils.

#### EXTRACT

From an address delivered before the Alumni Society of the University of Nashville, at its annual meeting in October last.

BY WASHINGTON BARROW, ESQ.

No educated man needs be told of the advantages which education has bestowed upon himself. He is not only aware of them in the halls of science, in the courts of law, and the seats of legislation, but he feels them in his common and daily intercourse with his fellow man.

It is the duty and benefit of every man to satisfy himself that whatever is daily presented to him as truth or fact, for the action of his mind, whether for belief or exercise, is really truth or fact. How great here is the advantage of the educated man. The laws of philosophy are familiar to his mind, and he can readily apply them and detect the errors which the ignorant or half-taught man would be sure to overlook. Is he a farmer? He plants with the more certain prospect of success in his crops, from a knowledge of those chemical laws which govern the combinations of the soil and which teach him precisely that degree of preparation and that mode of tillage which are best adapted to the results he wishes. Is he a mechanic? Every day he is compelled to call to his aid many of the rules of the precise sciences, and frequently

depends for the success of his operations upon the more intricate and profound law of philosophy. Is he a merchant? Science shall assist him in a multitude of ways—in acquiring a knowledge of the sound and just condition of the multifarious materials of trade—the state of the world—the causes which go to make up and change the ever-varying demands in all parts of the globe, by which trade is maintained and wealth acquired. The counting house of a well educated merchant is in its self a school of science. Is he a physician? As well might we place in his hands the tomahawk and scalping knife and direct him to torture, to mangle and to destroy, as to trust him to prescribe for our diseases, without education.

And how much is the whole sphere of domestic and family enjoyments enlarged and made attractive and beautiful, and almost holy, by the amelioration of mind which education produces, and the continued series of pleasures and delights which it sprinkle along our path. How many cheering enjoyments, too, does it shed upon the darksome and, too often wearisome days of old age. How few are the pleasures that belong to the ignorant and uneducated, who are spared to this period of life. Too often do we see them, petulant and selfish, scattering discomforts and annoyances upon all within their reach, too often giving themselves up to mere inanity and vacancy of mind, and, not seldom, passing their imbecile hours in such enjoyments as the pipe and intoxicating bowl can furnish. An ignorant old man is almost of necessity a besotted one. His circle of knowledge and of intercourse, whatever it may once have been, is now narrowed down to the merest point. Feeble, and daily yet more feeble, does his conception of all things around him become, till at length, instead of having advanced in power and strength of mind as he advanced in years, instead of having sought to bring his faculties nearer and nearer to the INFINITE INTELLIGENCE, his intellect returns again to the condition of vacant infancy, and, he leaves the world as he entered it, with his mind almost a *tabula rasa*. How different the condition and the enjoyments of the man of education at this period? An interesting and instructive writer speaking of his own cheerful feelings in old age, beautifully says, "It is no unfrequent amusement of mine to turn over the volumes which were the favorites of my boyhood, and though it is but here and there that I meet with a passage that I can distinctly remember to have interested me, yet the comparison of past with present feelings is full of interest. How very much do I find, of what then must have been to me quite speculative and imaginary, to have been now completely realized; how much that must then have been unintelligible, to be now alas! but too intelligible, how many lines and expressions which must then have fired my fancy, do I now pass over with cold indifference; and how many beauties now strike me, to which at that age I must have been insensible. As a well diversified landscape ever presents novelty through the longest life, owing to the

infinite number of different combinations of light and shade of which it is capable, so is it with my favorite authors—their perusal supplies me with unlimited variety from the ever shifting state of my feelings and memory, the latter of which has clouds and sunshine in abundant store to produce." Such are the gratifications and the enjoyments which education and the love of literature may bring to the darkest period of life, illuminating and warming with its genial rays, the often chill and dreary path of old age. This description of men are not, even in the days of decrepitude pendant for their enjoyments and the occupations of their minds, upon the exertions of others. They can retire within themselves and lean upon their minds for support and enjoyment. They can call up the recollections of studies, and thoughts, and labors of days long past, and hold communion with the cultivated intellect of the whole earth, of past and present time. Hence they are seldom seen as monuments of that dotage into which the ignorant and uneducated mind is almost certain to fall.

#### LITERARY CABINET, AND WESTERN OLIVE BRANCH.

EDITED BY THOMAS GREGG.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, DECEMBER 7, 1833.

**OHIO LEGISLATURE.**—The Legislature of the State of Ohio commenced its thirty-first annual Session, on the second instant.

**YALE COLLEGE.**—By a late publication by the Trustees of the Yale College, it appears that there are 541 Students in that Institution.

**HALL'S MAGAZINE.**—The time for awarding the Premium offered sometime since for the best original tale, by the publishers of this Magazine, has been deferred to the first of February, next.

**IMPORTANT TO THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.**—Forty-three of the Physicians of Cincinnati have lately issued a circular to the public against the use of Ardent Spirits, in which they declare them to be "not only unnecessary, but absolutely injurious, in a healthful state of the system;" and, "that their use in families in the forms of bitters, toddy, punch, &c., is decidedly pernicious, perverting the appetite, and undermining the constitution."

**AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LETTERS.**—A Society has lately been formed in Philadelphia, under the above name, which has for its object, "the advancement of American Literature, and the patronage of cisatlantic authors."

## SELECTED POETRY.

From the Emancipator.

## DECISION.

"Decision, fulcrum of the mental powers;"—*Pollock*

Our father's bore the tyrant injuries  
Of haughty Britain long. What boots it now,  
To tell of ports shut up, of taxes huge,  
And framed by fat exorcism, insolent,  
And craving as the grave? They bore the yoke,  
Full patiently, 'till one, of hardy mind,  
Rose up, and in the council said, "we must,  
Sir, we must fight." The firm resolve was made,  
And, back upon oppression's tide, the wave  
Of freedom roll'd: the storm was loud and long;  
But, when its fury ceased, a sun arose  
On fair Fredonia's hills and plains and vales—  
A sun that sends its beams to other lands,  
And lights the places full of cruelty—  
"Dark places of the earth," where tyrants live.  
This has decision done; why wait we then,  
Afraid to act, and yet, afraid to sleep;  
Afraid to speak, tho' sorely galled within  
By conscience all awake? We all believe,  
(Who born on Freedom's soil can disbelieve?)  
That all by nature free and equal are—  
That slavery is a most cursed thing;  
And yet we may not speak, though forced to see  
The knotty scourge drink up a brother's blood—  
Though forced to hear the deep distressful cries  
Of females whipt, of little children whipt,  
Of aged men with cruel lashings torn,  
Why may we not? "Our country is not free;  
The press must hush its voice; or, if it speak,  
Must speak to please the Afric's haughty Lord,"  
Delirious babble! Sons of Freedom! say,  
Has but one generation come and gone  
Ere we are banded at a despot's feet?

Let some loud trump the den of silence wake,  
Pronouncing, through its brazen throat, a curse  
On slavery: a thousand answering lips  
Shall echo far the dread and deepening peal—  
"Curst be the man that turns aside the right  
Of strangers." When the dark and dismal day  
Shall come, in which no one may utter forth  
The truth of heaven, when God's most holy word  
By public voice is legislated down—  
When none alive have courage to repeat  
What God has said—adieu to liberty!  
Let Roman malice raise the sombre pile—  
Let ranks of dungeons bar the lovely day  
From prisoned thousands;—chain the intellect,  
And let the tide of midnight darkness roll  
O'er all, except the lofty sons of pride,  
Who, "born to rule," may seize the helm of state,  
And on destruction's rocks sublimely dash  
The worthless millions who are "born to obey!"  
M.

Behold, alas, our days we spend;  
How short they be, how soon they end!

## BEHOLD

How short a span  
Was long enough of old  
To measure out the life of man;  
In those well tempered days his time was then  
Surveyed, cast up, and found but three score years  
and ten.

## ALAS

And what is that?  
They come and slide and pass  
Before my tongue can tell thee what,  
The poets of time are swift, which having run  
Their seven short stages o'er, their short lived task  
is done.

## OUR DAYS

Begun, we lend  
To sleep, to antic plays  
And toys, until the first stage end;  
12 waning moons, twice 5 times told we give  
To unrecovered loss: we rather breathe than live.

## WE SPEND

A ten year's breath  
Before we apprehend  
What 'tis to live in fear of death;  
Our childish dreams are filled with painted joys  
Which please our sense awhile, and waking prove  
but toys.

## HOW VAIN

How wretched is  
Poor man, that doth remain  
A slave to such a state as this!  
His days are short at longest: few at most;  
They are but bad at best, yet lavished out, or lost.

## THEY BE

The secret springs  
That make our minutes flee  
On wings more swift than eagle's wings!  
Our life's a clock, and every gasp of breath  
Breathes forth a warning grief, till time shall strike  
a death.

## HOW SOON

Our new born light  
Attains to full-aged noon!  
And this, how soon to grey haired night!  
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast,  
Ere we can count our days, our days, they flee  
so fast.

## THEY END

When scarce begun  
And ere we apprehend  
That we begin to live, our life is done,  
Man, count thy days; and if they fly too fast  
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day  
the last.

## PROSPECTUS

*Of the Second Volume of the Literary Cabinet, to be enlarged, improved, and published weekly, with the title of*

## THE WESTERN GEM,

And Cabinet of Literature, Science, and News.

The publisher of the Literary Cabinet proposes to commence the Second Volume with new and important improvements. Encouraged by the general manifestation among his friends, of a willingness to support a WEEKLY JOURNAL, of a Literary and Scientific character, he has resolved to commence the publication weekly, on or about the First of January, 1834. The character of the paper will undergo a considerable improvement: it being the intention of the editor to furnish a greater proportion of matter of a solid and instructive kind, to the exclusion of that which is light and uninteresting. It is the determination of the editor to spare no pains to render his paper a "GEM" worthy of admission into every family circle, and one, to the pages of which every member of a family may apply for instruction or entertainment. The following will be the order and character of its various departments.

**MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.**—Under this head will be included all the selected articles from foreign or American journals, which will not class more properly under the Scientific department. They will consist of Tales, Sketches, Essays, Poetry, Biography, History, &c. As the editor will have access to some of the best literary magazines and journals in the country, he confidently expects to be able to make this department as interesting as that of any other western periodical.

**ORIGINAL DEPARTMENT.**—This department of the paper will be made unusually interesting. In addition to the occasional contributions of writers in different parts of our country, the

editor has had the promise of assistance from GEO. W. THOMSON, & C. C. CARROLL, Esqrs, both of whom are favorably known as writers in the various departments of literature,—and also from some others, whose names he is not permitted to make public.

**EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.**—Sectional politics and religious controversy will be strictly avoided. But in every thing else the editor shall give his pen a free range;—on all occasions endeavoring to maintain that candid course so necessary to the success of a journal, and without which none can be respectable. This department, however, will be principally devoted to subjects connected with the literature of our country—particularly that portion of it usually denominated THE WEST.

**DEPARTMENT OF NEWS.**—In this place will be given a synopsis of the latest news, both foreign and domestic. As the limits of the paper will not permit of extended and minute details of passing events, only a condensed summary of that which shall appear most interesting to the general reader, and that which relates to subjects of Literature, Science, and Philanthropy, will be given. For the purpose of putting as much news as possible in a small compass, the matter for this department will be principally re-written.

**SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT.**—It is intended to reduce this department of the paper to some fixed plan, instead of following the common method of an indiscriminate selection, as heretofore. Cuts will occasionally be given, for the purpose of illustrating the more difficult branches of science; this will be a new and important additional feature, which will add to its interest and usefulness, and considerably increase the expenses of the publication.

## TERMS.

THE WESTERN GEM, and Cabinet of Literature, Science, and News, will be published weekly on a Royal sheet, of fine quality, and good type, in Quarto form, making a yearly volume of 416 large pages, (about three times the matter contained in the present volume,) and furnished at the end of the year with a Title page and Index. Price of subscription, Two Dollars a year, in advance—or Two Dollars and Fifty cents when payment is not made in six months from the commencement of the volume.

Local agents will be allowed twelve and a half per cent, on all monies collected, beside a copy of the work. It is expected that persons accepting agencies will make exertions to obtain subscriptions, upon these liberal terms. Any person who procures three subscribers, and makes payment in advance, shall receive a bound copy of volume first.

Letters and communications must be post paid to insure attention—addressed to

THOMAS GREGG,  
St. Clairsville, Ohio.

## ITEMS.

Dr. Rush says, that in the course of his medical enquiries, he only met with one person beyond the age of 80 years who had never been married.

A premium of five hundred dollars has been offered in New York for a bill regulating steam boat navigation, that shall meet the approbation of congress and become a law.

It is stated that Carey, Lea, and Blanchard, booksellers of Philadelphia, have paid upwards of thirty thousand dollars annually for the last five years to American writers.

The Caledonian Mercury states that the cholera has again appeared in Edinburgh, and that several persons have already become its victims.